by

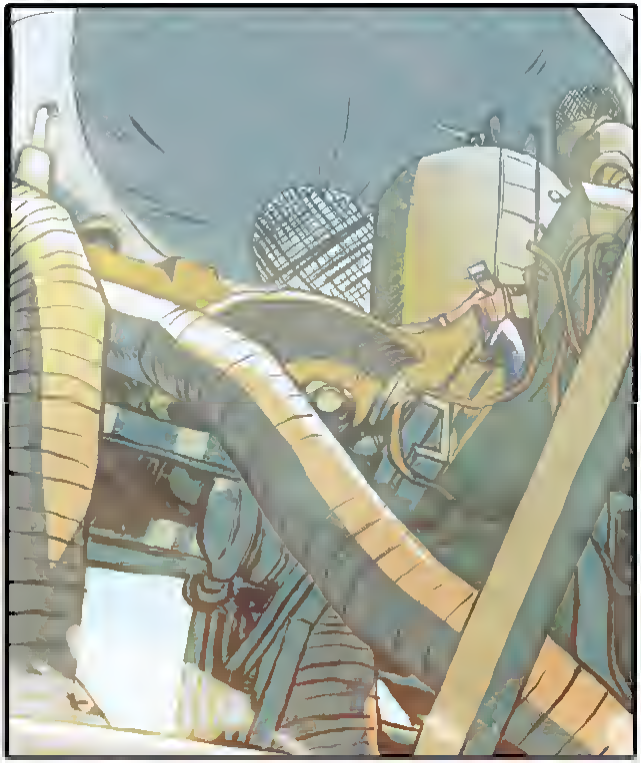
Jason Brubaker

All right--
this should be far enough. You ready to do a little farming?

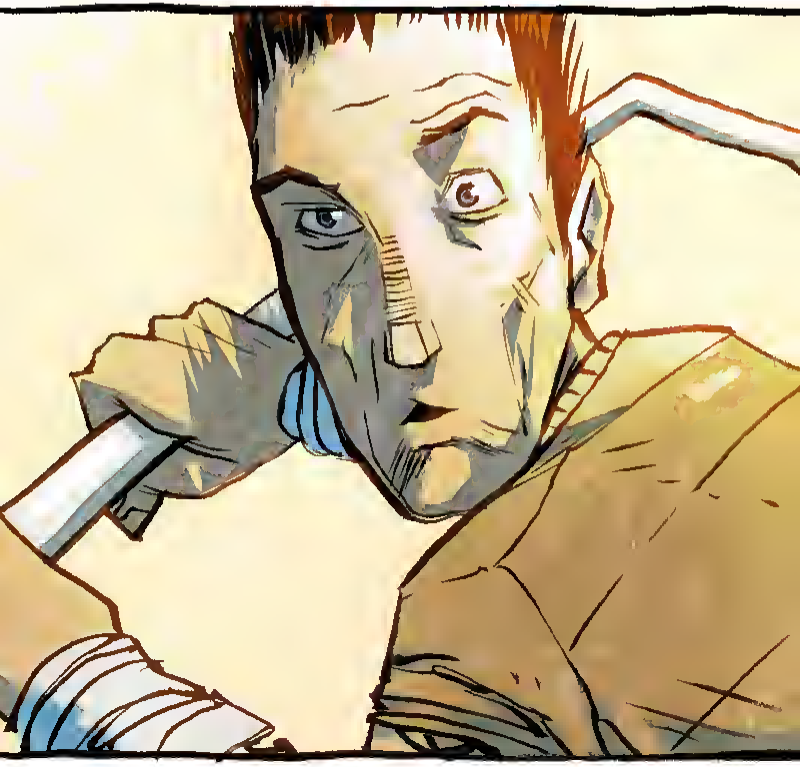
Uh, sure. I'm all about farming.
...unless it's farming for weebles.

We're farming for weebles.

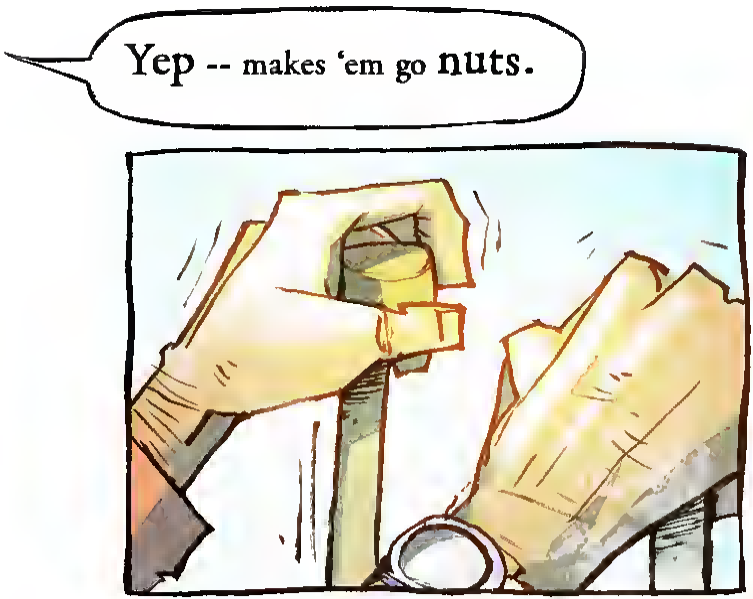
"Lets get to charging the sand," Henry moved to another set of controls and started shifting the levers.



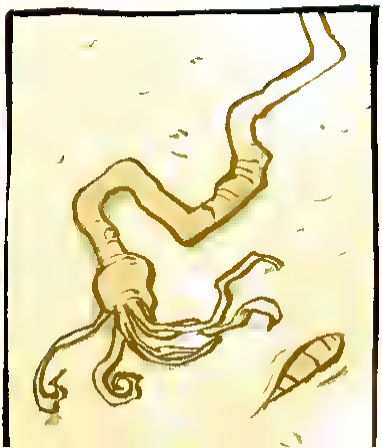
"I use'da just dump a big water tank on the sand, but I found electricity got 'em to the surface much quicker."

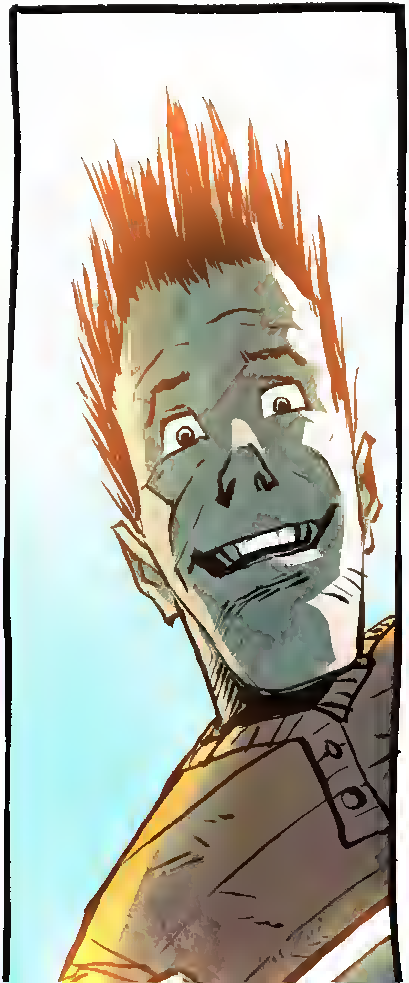


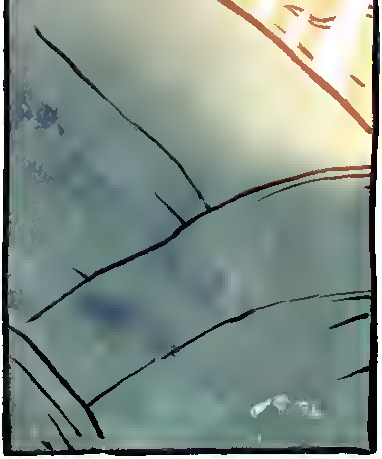
Dino tried to hide the shaking in his voice, "Won't that drive them insane?"



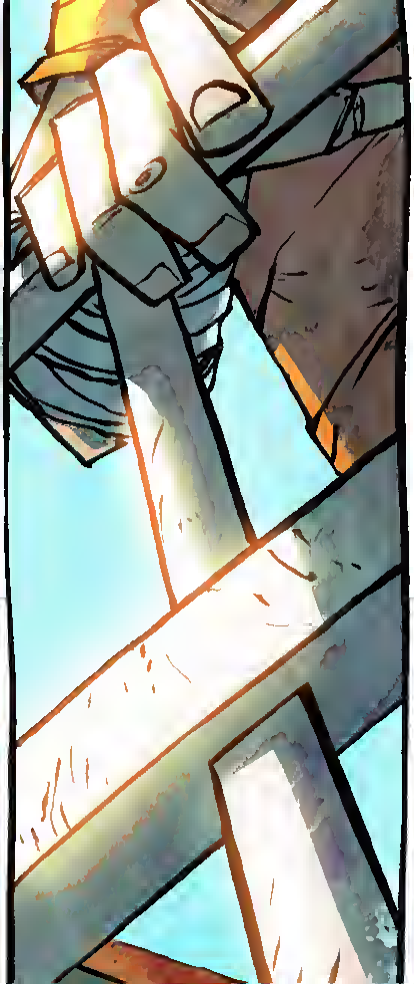
All right, kid -- hit the switch!



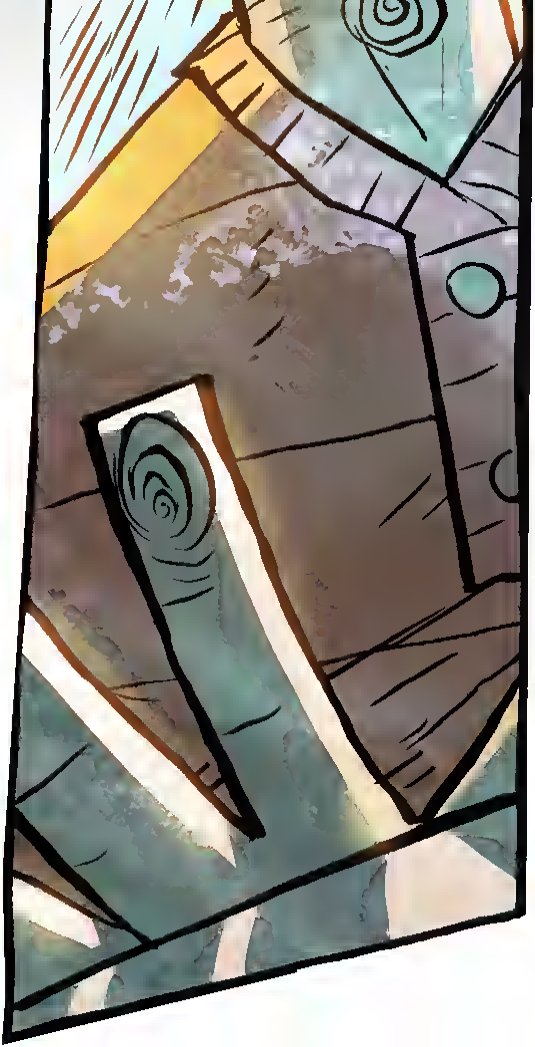




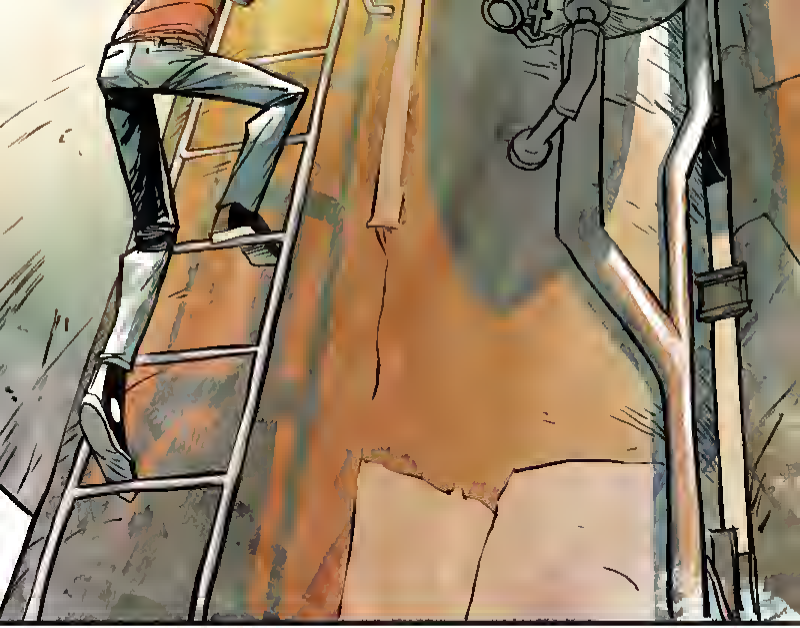
It's working!



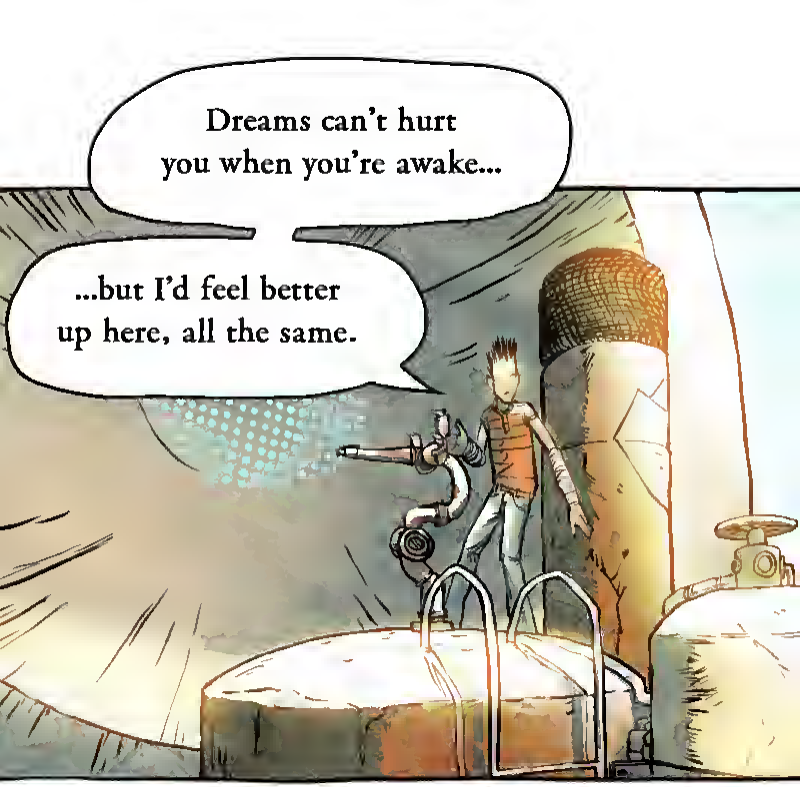
"DINO"

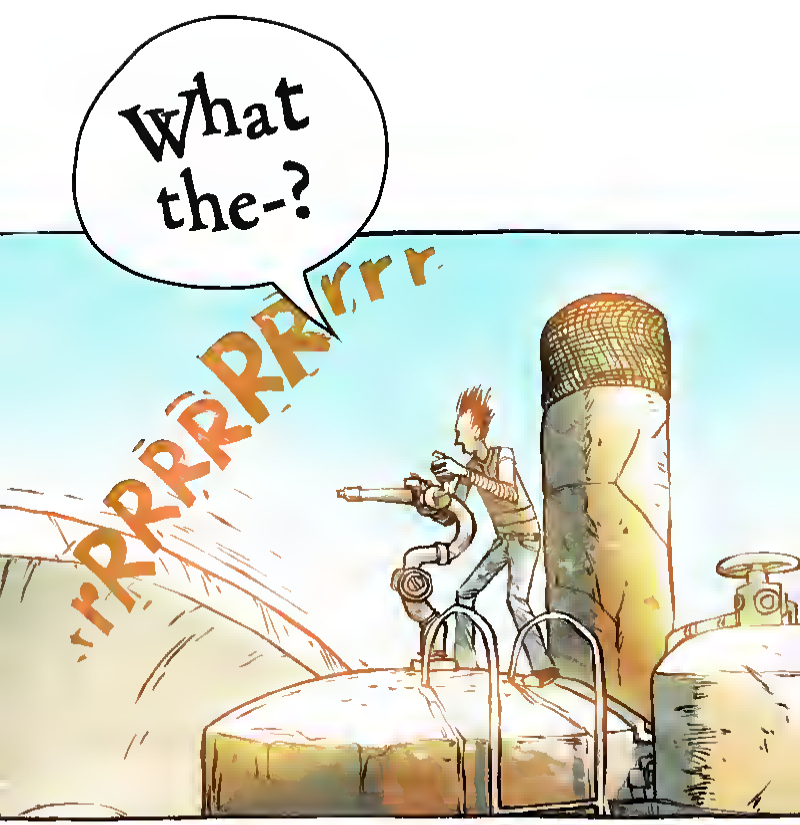


Dino was halfway up the ladder before he realized he was climbing as fast as he could.

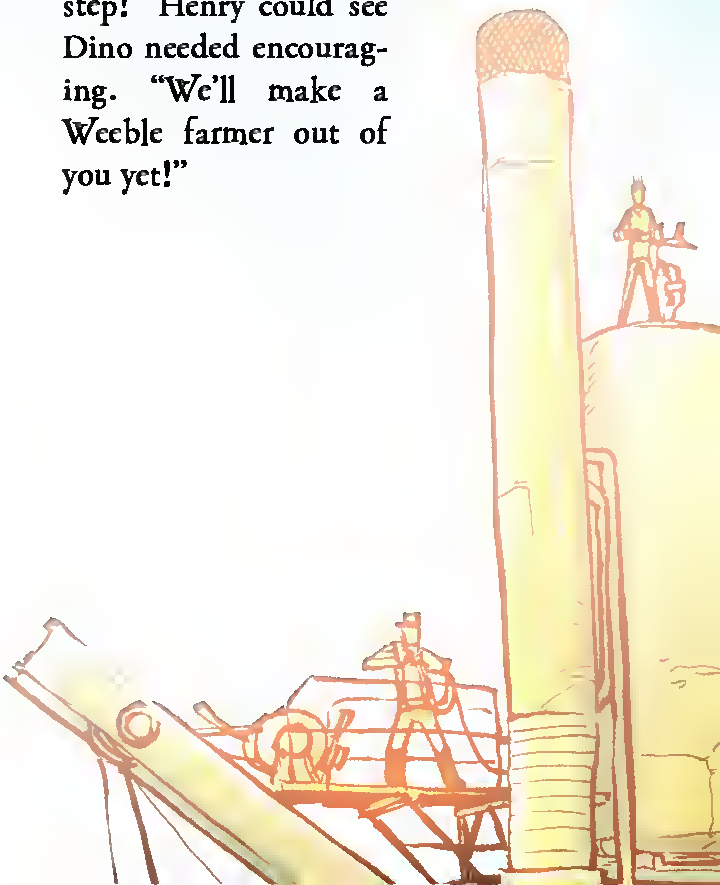


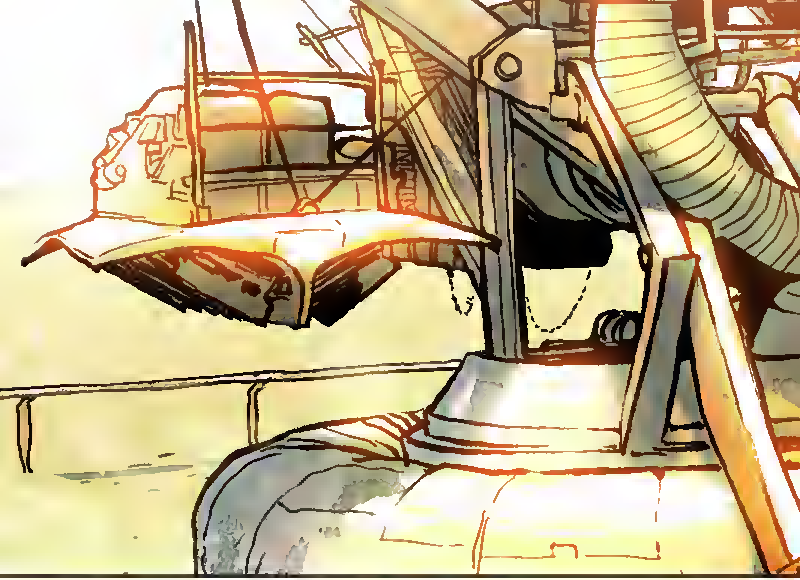
"It's not **real**," he told himself. "I've just been out in the sun too long."


Dreams can't hurt you when you're awake...
...but I'd feel better up here, all the same.

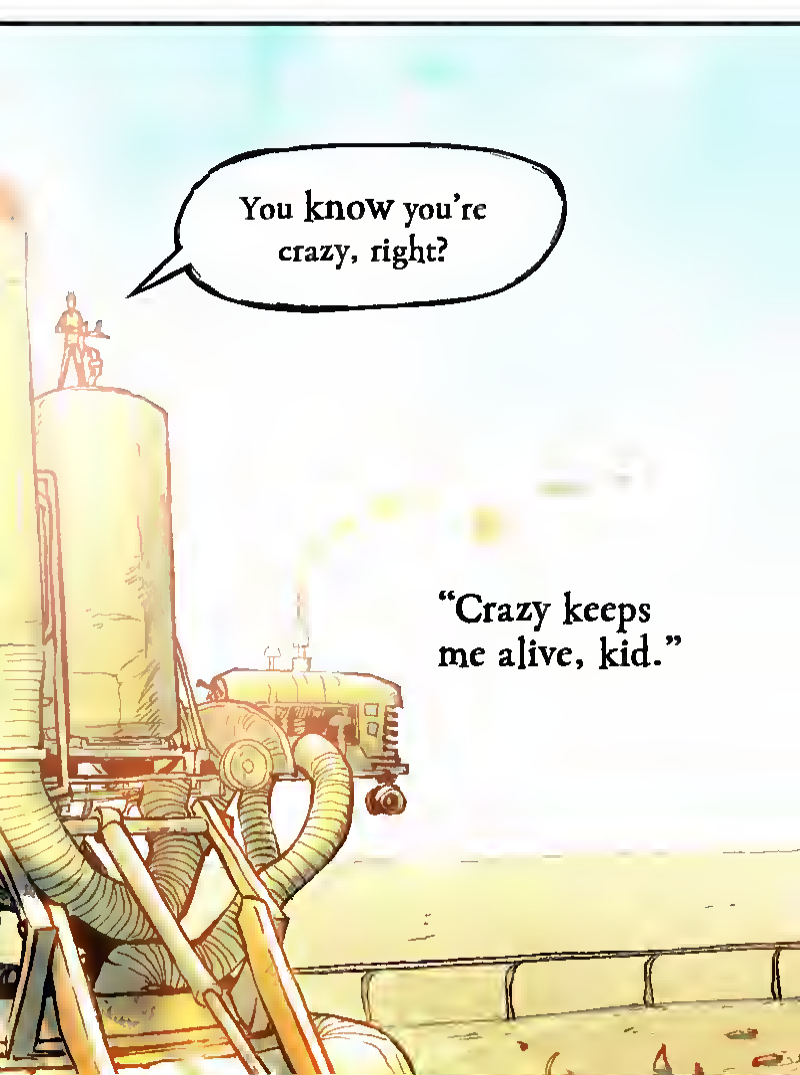

What the-?
rRRRRRrrr

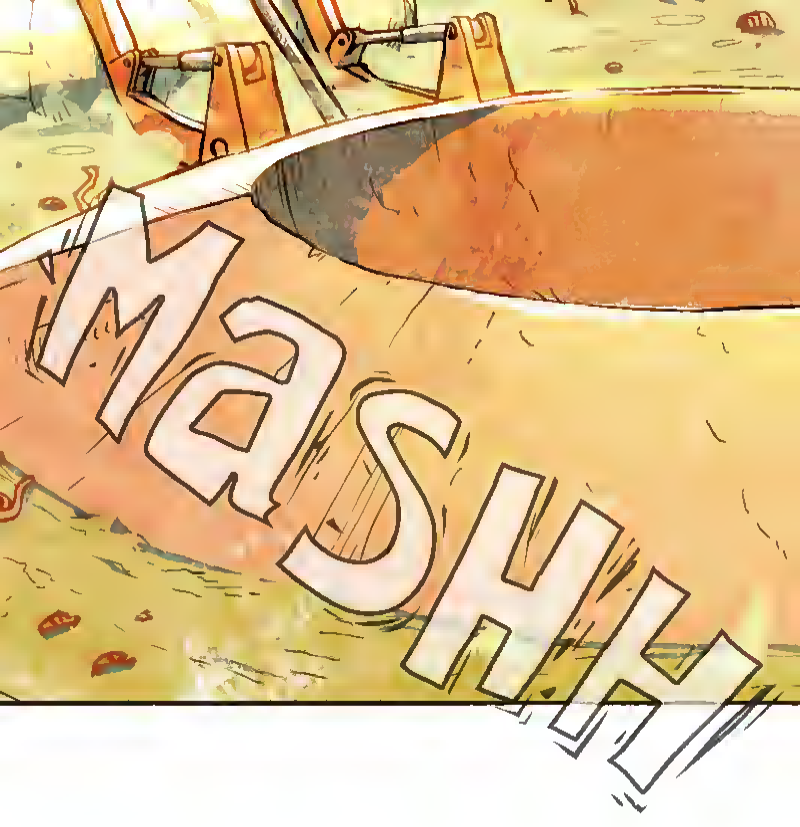
"You already knew where to be for the next step!" Henry could see Dino needed encouraging. "We'll make a Weeble farmer out of you yet!"





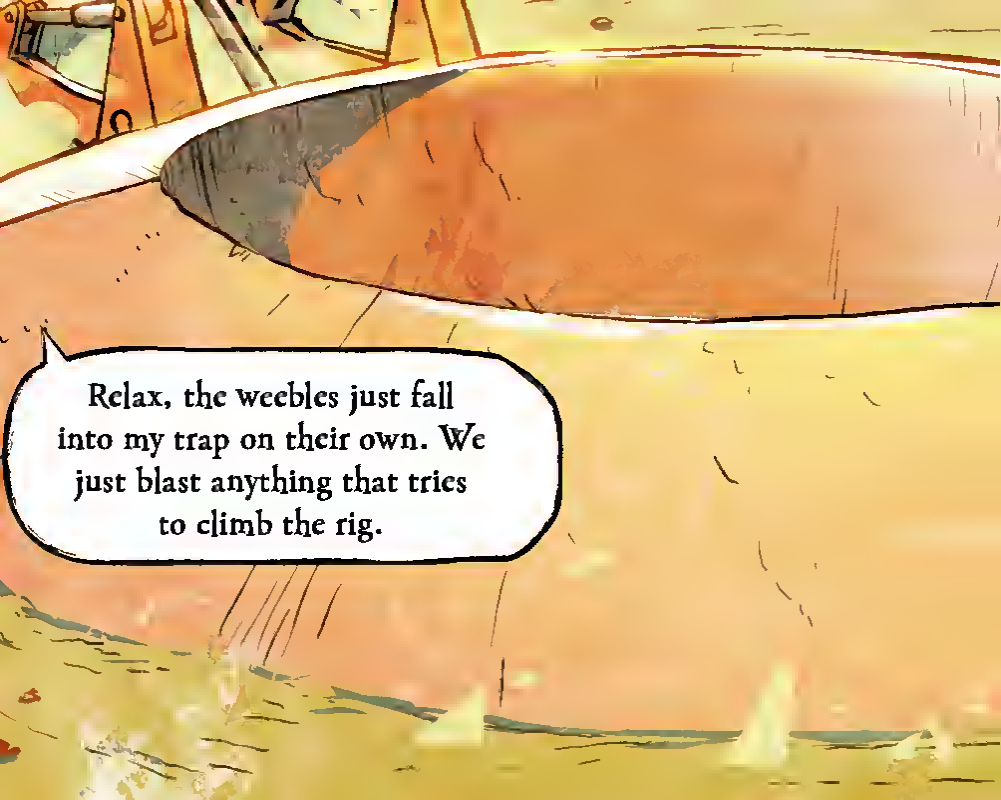
"Get on that water cannon
and keep your eyes open."

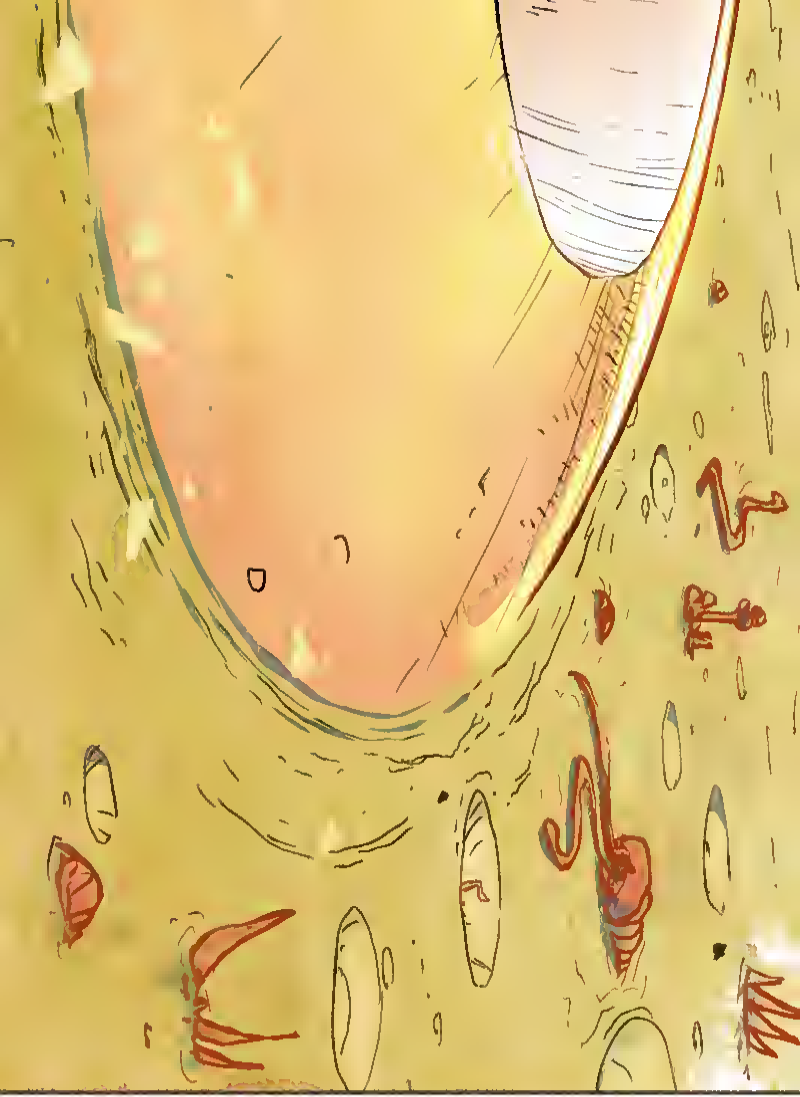

You know you're crazy, right?
"Crazy keeps me alive, kid."

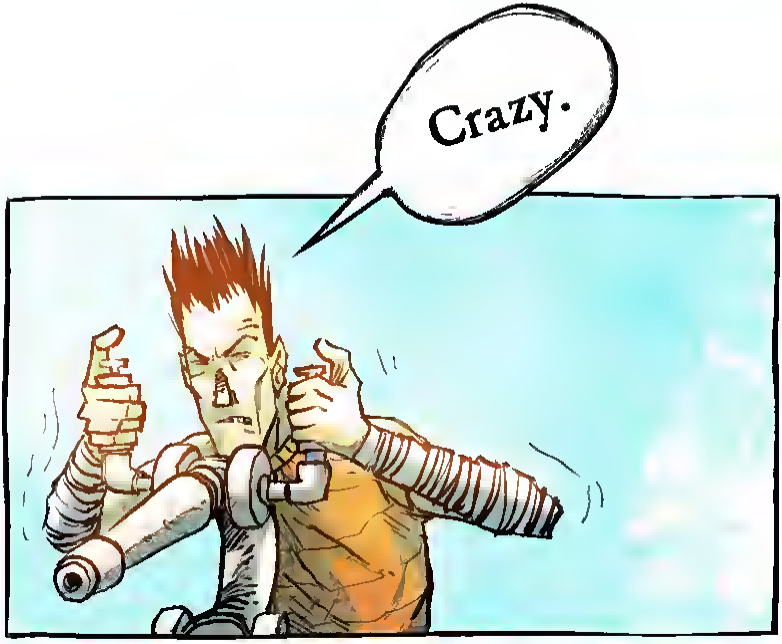

MASH!

"Wait, you don't kill em?
Where's your REAL weapons."

I can get ten times the profit if they're alive.


Relax, the weebles just fall into my trap on their own. We just blast anything that tries to climb the rig.




Crazy.

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